

A New Love

Story: A New Love

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/1600827/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Humor/Parody

Author: crimson canary

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/465052/>

Last updated: 12/31/2003

Words: 6753

Rating: K+

Status: In Progress

Content: Chapter 1 to 3 of 3 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: CH. 3: The GS crew is going to Lemuria on vacation! Can they survive?

***Chapter 1*: Expedition into the unknown**

***Chapter 2*: Tribute to a Noble Bird**

***Chapter 3*: Vacationing in Paradise**

Disclaimer: I don't own Golden Sun. Nope, I don't. I've accepted that. This is also the part where I say "Don't try these stunts at home, kids!" Chapter 3: Vacationing in Paradise

"Guess where we're going this holiday season?" Jenna announced. Everyone knew that this was a rhetorical question, so they remained silent. "No guesses?" She sounded disappointed.

After a few moments of complete silence, Picard decided to hazard a guess. "Are we going to Lemuria?" For months now, she had been talking about how she missed the city, with its perfect weather year round and gorgeous beach guys. Despite this fact, he cringed after the words escaped his lips, fearing a violent outbreak of that infamous Mars temper.

"Yeah! I'm sick of cold winters! This year, we're going to Paradise!" she exclaimed. Everyone in the room let out a collective breath which they had all been holding.

"When are we leaving?" Isaac asked.

"Tomorrow," she responded, then turned and left before anyone could protest her decision.

~~* Tomorrow *~*~*

It was the day of the trip, and everyone was readying for the journey. Picard was giving his ship a quick once-over before the journey. Felix was trying to remember the silly rhyme that showed the way to Lemuria. Jenna was trying to

explain to Sheba WHY her numerous turkey friends should stay behind. Garet was struggling under the weight of Melinda's numerous belongings; for a rock, she certainly didn't travel light. And Ivan was running about heavily laden with photographing apparatus, taking pictures of everything in sight.

"Ready to embark, mates!" Picard shouted.

"I think so," Sheba answered with a grin. An unconscious Jenna on the far side of the boat showed who had won their argument about turkeys.

"Ahem," Picard coughed.

"Oh, yeah... oops. Aye-aye, captain!" Sheba corrected herself. Earlier, Picard had talked with them all, explaining that no one was getting on his boat unless they used sea talk. He said that it was embarrassing to be captain of a boat full of "land lubbers."

"Hold it... are you bringing those turkeys?" He had finally noticed the birds.

"Yes. And if you've got a problem with that..." Sheba left his imagination to complete the threat for her.

Picard was about to come up with a million reasons why the birds should go when Felix piped in. "Just let her have the birds, Picard."

Before Picard could protest, there was a brilliant flash of light and a click of a camera. Picard was temporarily blinded, but he recognized Ivan's voice saying, "I'll call this one, 'Felix Defends his True Love!'"

"Ivan!" Felix yelled, and Picard was vaguely aware of the taller silhouette of Felix chasing a smaller one, which was probably Ivan. "I am going to KILL you!"

"You can never catch the Phantom Photographer!" Ivan retorted with a trill of evil laughter. By the time Picard had fully regained his sight, both had vanished into the bowels of the ship.

Deciding that he had delayed the voyage long enough, he gave up on turkeys for the time being and instead focused on preparing the ship to leave.

Meanwhile, Gareth and Melinda were having the type of talk that is necessary in any relationship.

"So... Melinda. How have you been?" Gareth asked his granite girlfriend.

Melinda remained silent.

"Come on, Melinda. You haven't spoken to me since we got on the boat!"

Rather than responding, she just gazed at him mockingly with those dead, painted eyes.

"Melinda," he cried. "Why are you ignoring me?"

Melinda said nothing, and in a fury Gareth threw her out the window. "That's it! We're through!"

There was a satisfying splash as rock met water.

For a few moments Gareth sat there dumbstruck, then realized what he had done.

"Melinda! NOOOOO!" he yelled, and ran outside, ready to retrieve her, but he was too late. They were already moving.

Garet returned to his room. He sat there, silently mourning Melinda. Suddenly, he heard the most gorgeous voice he had ever heard. It was rich and warm and full of life.

"Come on, Isaac. Cheer up!" it was saying. "Mia is gone! Face it! And now you have other women who love you."

Garet wiped drool from the corner of his mouth as he thought about whom that voice might belong to. Then he stepped outside and found himself staring at the most gorgeous redhead the world had ever seen.

Her hair was long and wavy, and was tied back in a high ponytail with a few stray strands escaping here and there. Even though her back was turned to him, Garet could see that her body was trim and fit, and the red-and-pink skirt she wore suited her. A short cape hung about her loosely, obscuring her torso.

"Isaac," she was saying. "Sure I'm not Mia, but we've known each other since childhood!"

Isaac looked at her, tears in his eyes and whispered, "You're right, Jenna. I should get over it." He leaned forward and hugged her tenderly.

Garet had watched all this with disinterest until that last hug. *No*, he cried inwardly. *Jenna is mine! Hey, do I smell pizza?* Garet immediately left in search of the nourishment in question, forgetting Isaac and Jenna momentarily. There was a brilliant flash of a camera behind

him, and a boy's voice exclaimed, "I'll call this one 'It's About Time!'"

"There you are, you damn Jupiter adept," a deeper, more mature voice added. "I still owe you for your LAST picture!"

"Ha, ha... this is where the Phantom Photographer must make his exit! Buh-bye!" The boyish voice said, and the patter of little feet could be heard, most likely running away.

"Why you little brat!" The more mature voice sounded livid.

"You think Felix'd kill me if I told him that I gave Ivan that camera?" Jenna mused after they had left.

"Shh!" Isaac said, covering Jenna's mouth. "He might hear you!"

~~*

Picard whacked his head on the boat, trying to clear the voices from his head. "Are we there yet? How about now? How much longer?" Ivan asked. "I'm hungry. I'm thirsty! I have to go to the bathroom!" This boy was enough to drive anyone mad! He had been asking the same questions for hours now, ever since he had been forced to hide from Felix's wrath. Or rather, since he had been forced to put Picard between him and Felix. Picard cringed, imagining what he would face upon the crew's arrival in Lemuria. Felix wouldn't hurt him now, as no one else could pilot the ship, but later... Not much made Felix mad; everyone called him the "Rock" because he was about as emotionless as one, but when his temper was aroused, well, lets just say he had killed before.

"Are we there yet?" Ivan asked yet again, causing Picard to wonder if the boy ever needed to breathe.

Picard could take it no longer. All the patience that he had earned over his long years of life was gone. "NO!" He yelled at the top of his lungs.

There was a blinding flash of light, and in the temporary blindness that followed, Picard heard Ivan exclaim, "A once-in-a-lifetime shot! I'll call it 'Picard FINALLY Loses his Temper!'" With those words, Ivan was gone, leaving Picard all alone.

Picard sighed with relief as they pulled into the docks of Lemuria. There was a flurry of activity as everyone rushed to get off the boat at once, though Ivan made it first with Felix in a close second, probably yelling something along the lines of, "I'll get you, you little brat!"

Next the girls were off. Both were already wearing swimsuits; Jenna had a magenta bikini, and Sheba was wearing a yellow-and-blue one piece. Jenna led, followed by Sheba and a battalion of turkeys. Once the last had left the boat, the whole thing rose about six feet in the water.

Isaac and Garet came next. Isaac was talking about what a wonderful person Jenna was, and Garet was stuffing his face with slice after slice of pepperoni pizza.

Finally, it was Picard's turn to disembark. He grabbed his luggage, leaving everyone else's behind, and followed them all to solid ground.

"Beach!" Sheba cried gleefully. "Come, my avian companions!" She ran off into the water, leading row after row of poultry after her. Jenna laid out a blanket and

umbrella on the beach and began lounging on the beach; Isaac joined her.

Picard watched them for a moment, then entered Lemuria itself, readying himself for what was sure to be a time-consuming explanation to King Hydros about WHY, exactly, the water was infested with floating turkeys.

~~*

Garet sat in his room (again) alone, wondering how to get Jenna back. Certainly, he could always tell her how he felt, but EVERYONE knows that something like that is against the Guy's Code of Honor. It's up there with asking for directions.

"Maybe one of my wonderful poems will change her mind," he mumbled to himself, forgetting another of the Essential Rules of Manhood: NO POETRY.

Within a few moments, he had written a "beautiful" poem for Jenna:

Your hair is red.

Your eyes are brown.

You have freckles on your face.

But I don't care.

They aren't that ugly.

Your loud screechy voice when you are mad hurts my ears,

And the glares you use on my hurt, too.

Sure, you are not Melinda,

But you are the next best thing.

"There," Gareth said proudly surveying his work.
"Another masterpiece!"

The only warning Gareth received before Ivan attacked was maniacal laughter and an announcement calling the picture "A First: Gareth Thinking."

~~*

Jenna stared at the poem in front of her in horror. It was like some sort of crime against poets everywhere. What kind of person would write such a horrific poem? She couldn't read what the person had written; it was so badly spelled that she wasn't quite sure if it WAS a poem, though the format seemed to suggest it.

She shrugged, setting the strange poem aside, then smiled at Isaac, who had been sitting beside her silently for nearly an hour. She knew that he felt like he was betraying Mia; he was too loyal not to. That was what she liked about him: how he could remain faithful to someone who hadn't spoken to him in months. She had vanished off the face of the earth, as far as Jenna knew.

"Hey, look! It's Mia!" Isaac said suddenly, excitement evident in his voice. Jenna turned to look and saw the most gorgeous creature on the beach.

Mia had a perfect body, complemented by her long, silky blue hair and her intelligent cerulean eyes. She had a smile that was to die for, a laugh that could kill, and the sort of inviting warmth that could give a person a heart attack. Jenna also knew that Mia had the jealousy of every other girl on the beach from firsthand experience.

Mia looked up from what she was doing and exclaimed, "Hello, Jenna!" She continued less enthusiastically. "Isaac."

"Good afternoon, Mia," Jenna responded, both furious and jealous at the same time of Mia. *Just when Isaac was starting to like me!*

Meanwhile, Garet, watching from behind some bushes, snickered evilly. Another first: he had a plan to get Jenna back.

~~*

Sheba lay on the beach, soaking in the sun while her turkeys surfed the waves. That was all they could do; all that extra fat made them extremely buoyant. A shadow blocked her sun; she opened her eyes and saw Ivan posed above her with a camera. "Could you move?" she requested. "You're blocking my sun."

There was the flashing of a camera, and Sheba heard Ivan name the picture. "This one will be, 'Ivan makes an easy fifteen bucks!'" Another camera flash. "This one is 'Felix is such a sucker!'" A third flash. "And this is 'Felix is so stupid, I think I'll charge him forty for this one!'"

With those words, Ivan was gone, leaving a very bewildered Sheba behind.

~~* Somewhere in a Dark Alley of Lemuria *~*~*

"You got the pictures?" Felix asked Ivan.

"You got seventy bucks?"

Felix growled and handed over the money, and was rewarded with three pictures. Hm... I wonder what they're of?

~~*

"Dinner time, everyone!" Picard announced.

"Where do you want to go to eat?" Jenna asked. "We have three different choices. All are the same price, and they have the same kitchen, but different names. Blue Whale Diner, Starfish Café, and La Piscine."

"Which one's closest?"

"Café it is!"

The adepts walked into the café, grabbed a seat, and were about to order when Picard gasped. "No way am I paying this much for a single shrimp!"

"Eh?" Felix wondered.

Picard showed him the menu, and Felix's jaw dropped. Isaac peeked over Felix's shoulder and blanched. "Come on, everyone... lets go see if there's a fast-food place in town..."

The adepts left as quickly as they had come.

~~*

Mia looked up from her book and caught Isaac's eyes. "Hey."

"Hi," he answered her, blushing slightly. "I'm sorry for before..."

"Me, too," she said with a smile.

Suddenly, there was a flash of light, and Ivan shouted, "A lovely picture! I think I'll call this one, 'Isaac and Mia Make Up!'"

Isaac turned around and glared at Ivan. "I think I'll call this one, 'Ivan Gets a Boo-boo!'"

"Which one?" Ivan wondered nervously.

"The one I'm about to take!"

"If you can catch me, the Phantom Photographer!" Ivan was expecting Isaac to come after him. However, he certainly wasn't expecting to run into Felix and Picard while trying to escape.

"Hello, Ivan," Picard said in a low whisper.

"These pictures you sold me are horrible," Felix stated plainly, holding up three photos of Ivan's fingers, which had apparently covered the lens.

"Heh, heh... no refunds?"

"Wrong answer!" Felix exclaimed, and lunged at Ivan.

~~*

Ivan limped onto the boat, a broken camera hanging pitifully around his neck. "Everyone ready to go?"

"That's my line," Picard said sternly.

"Sorry."

Picard glared at Ivan for a moment, then announced, "Har, har, mates! We be prepared to sail from these treacherous waters."

"Aye-aye, captain!" His friends cried in unison.

Picard took the helm and began steering the ship, while Ivan, unable to resist the urge to be annoying, began instructing the "crew" how to sing his favorite "sea scanty," which was called "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall." Sounds like they're in for a loooong trip...

~~*

CC: Sorry it took me so long to write... and it's still short! Oh, well... Happy holidays, everyone!

Ivan: *waves crutch at CC* Where's my apology? You had Picard and Felix beat me up!

CC: You were asking for it, man. An innocent facial expression can only get you so far...

Ivan: Vengeance shall be mine!

Dancing Bagel: *to Ivan* Want some help with that, kid?